

# Good Morning 322

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Mother's doing the Balm Cakes, A.B.

THE cook aboard your submarine, A.B. Walter Jowett, may be as interested in this story as yourself.

It is a tale of tragedy which may bring tears to the eyes of every cook in the Royal Navy (and out of it).

It came to pass that when Walter was last home on leave he was consumed with the desire to "roll out" the dough for a balm cake.

Now, right next door to his home at 13 Chester Street, Bolton, there's a confectionery business, owned by your old friend, Mr. Ridgeway.

And Walter's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Jowett, goes into the bakehouse next door to give Mr. Ridgeway a hand—now that the war has taken his baking assistants away from him.

Well, Walter went into the bakehouse, too. He wanted to roll out a balm cake. He grasped the rolling-pin firmly

## Walter Jowett

and purposefully. He attacked the small lump of dough from all angles. He rolled it into every shape known to geometry. But he couldn't roll it round.

His mother tried. (His mother doesn't usually do balm cakes.) His mother failed, too.

And when "Good Morning" representatives called on your mother, the photographer found Mr. Ridgeway standing in the bakehouse behind her, with arms akimbo and an expression of cheerful weariness—persuading her still, with patient resignation, to capture the gentle art of rolling balm cakes.

Mr. Ridgeway, of course, is an artist at the job. So he does

# ESCAPED THROUGH HOLE IN HIS POCKET

IT was cleverly planned, the escapade of Samuel J. Furnace. He gave the police a lot of trouble. He burned himself to death in a shed in a yard behind a house at Chalk Farm in January, 1933; then he fled to Southend. The clue that set the police on to the trail of this "dead" man was a tooth.

They had him in their hands ready for the scaffold; but Samuel J. escaped through a hole in his pocket to where the police couldn't touch him.

Thus it came about that although a tooth trapped him, the police forgot something, too—the hole in his overcoat pocket. We can call it a drawn game.

The strange coincidence about this case was first of all his name. Furnace it was, and by a furnace which he started he blazed into publicity.

He was a jobbing builder and decorator, who had previously worked for an estate agent's firm in North London. He rented a shed in the backyard of a house in Hawley Crescent, Camden Town. On the night of January 4th fire broke out in this shed, and the owner (Mr. Wynne), seeing the blaze, ran out of his house to try to quench the flames. But the door of the shed was locked. While Wynne went off for the Fire Brigade, another man (who also lived in the house) was able to burst the door open, and began to throw water on the flames.

When Wynne returned from giving the alarm it was possible to enter the shed. This shack was divided into two rooms. They flashed an electric torch into the inner room, which was still smouldering; and they saw the figure of a man sitting by a desk. Then the firemen arrived and the remains of the fire were extinguished.

The man sitting at the desk was dead. His body and clothing were badly burned. The very shoes were burned off his feet. There was little to go on,

the balm cakes, and Norman's mother does the jam tarts.

All's well at home. But your mother is hoping your leave will be soon, so that you can finish off the window which you only half-painted, and banish the odd effect of a window that is half brown—and half green. Good Hunting, Walter!

for the body was badly charred, but during a search next morning the police discovered a note on which was written: "Good-bye all. No work. No money. Sgd., Sam. J. Furnace."

A man who knew Furnace identified the body as that of Sam. J., and later Furnace's father-in-law went to the mortuary and opined that the body was that of Furnace.

But in the meantime the police had been busy.

For one thing, the police surgeon, who made the post-mortem examination, said that the man had been dead before the burning took place. He also showed a bullet wound which could not have been self-inflicted.

In the ruined shed Inspector King discovered a man's overcoat. It, too, was badly burned, but there appeared a hole on the left shoulder that was believed to be a bullet hole.

## Stuart Martin tells "What Crook Forgot"

So Furnace's father-in-law and Furnace's brother visited the mortuary again. This time they said it was not Samuel's body.

To make sure, the police found a doctor, who examined the corpse and said it was not Samuel's. He knew because of a peculiar tooth in the upper jaw. But who was the man with the peculiar, crooked tooth? The doctor could name him. The man was called Walter Spatchett, who was a rent collector for an estate agency. And this agency was one that Furnace had worked for.

Superintendent Yandell was in charge of the case. He worked like a ferret, gathering information. He found that Spatchett had been collecting rents for his firm, and would have gathered a sum of about £35. More digging and examining in the shed. A sudden and partly burned Post Office Savings book was found. It was Spatchett's book. Also, there was a leather wallet deep in the ruins, which contained some papers and photographs, which were

his first jobs when on duty was to give convicts medicine as prescribed to them by the prison doctor who stood by his side.

The men learnt to realise that the quiet druggist was also a tough fellow. For instance, when one coloured convict was told that he was feigning illness he sprang at the doctor—and never realised that Porter, who had sprung forward, had such a powerful punch—until he recovered in hospital with a broken jaw!

Late at nights Porter took medicine around to prisoners lying sick in their cells. And from these desperadoes he heard thrilling, breath-taking, true-life stories.

He sent some of them, under the pen-name of "O. Henry," to his father-in-law, who submitted some of them to editors. They were enthusiastically received, and when he was released from prison "O. Henry" received a big offer from a New York publishing house.

Fame and fortune came his way—but money meant little to him. Remembering his own struggling days he never said "No" to anyone who asked him to assist them "get on their feet." He must have given away thousands of pounds. Always, when "touched" for a dollar, he would say, "I know how it is..."

## THE "CROOKED TOOTH" MURDER

identified as belonging to Spatchett.

Therefore the signed note bidding good-bye to the world was a fake. Spatchett, not Furnace, had died. By bullet. "Let's find Furnace," said the police. They had hard work. They issued a notice in their official journal called "Informations," and in the "Police Gazette." The police are anxious to trace... The notice gave Furnace's description.

They discovered that a man who might have been Furnace had taken a room in an apartment house near Regent's Park. They swooped on the house. The man had gone, but he had left a blue suit and a bag of tools. The proprietors of the house received a telegram which interested the police, very much. It came from Southend, and read: "Brother ill. Re-let room. Returning Monday.—R. Rogers." This was the name in which the man had taken the room.

The police knew this blue suit was Furnace's. They altered their description which had been broadcast. They sent men down to Southend. A man who knew Furnace went down with them. They found this man who called himself Rogers had bought a trench overcoat in Southend. But that was all—so far.

Then reports came in from all quarters. Furnace had been "seen" at a coffee stall at Barking, he had been "seen" near Leigh, he had been "seen" boarding a ship at Cardiff bound for Australia. And every report was wrong. A train was stopped and searched at Leigh, the ship was searched, motor-cars were stopped on every road, so were buses. Not a trace of Furnace.

More reports came in. He was living about the Elephant and Castle district. He was seen in P. ris, and elsewhere on the Continent. He was observed boarding several ships at various ports. "It seemed," a police superintendent told me, "that everybody was telling us where he was, as well as asking where he was."

Well, they got him at last. He was in Southend all the time, and had never stirred out of his lodgings, giving as his excuse to his landlady that he had influenza.

I can tell you how they got him. He wrote a letter signed "H. Farmer" to his brother-in-law, asking the latter to bring down a shirt and two collars, a pair of socks, and a comb. He instructed the brother-in-law to leave the station at Southend, "walk straight across the road, and down the opposite road... walk down on the left side... I will see you. I am not giving my address."

The police were there, too. From hiding places they saw the brother-in-law (by instructions from them) carry out the orders. They saw Furnace draw back the curtain and beckon.

The police knew that Furnace had a Service revolver with him. They entered the house by the back. The landlady was told to go up and knock on his door and say, "Did you call?" And the police were the callers.

They got him sitting reading a newspaper by the fire. But he did not have a gun.

They took him back to London by car. He asked them to stop at Camden Street and he would show them where he threw his gun into the Regent's

Canal. They got the gun later, just where he indicated.

They took him to Kentish Town Police Station. He asked how they found that it wasn't his body. He was told about the tooth. "I forgot that," he said, with a sigh.

They searched him, and found he was wearing Spatchett's watch. He had over £29 on him, taken from Spatchett's pocket.

He said it was an accident by which Spatchett was shot; it was not intentional. But he "lost his head" and tried to dispose of the body by burning and make it appear that it was his own. (They mostly say it was accidental and they lose their heads.)

He complained of cold in his cell, and wanted his overcoat. He got it. All night he was very restless, pacing up and down his cell. At seven o'clock next morning—he had been watched all night—he was given a cup of tea.

The watch was changed, and the officer who took over glanced into the cell and saw Furnace put a small bottle to his mouth. The constable dashed in, snatched the bottle away. Furnace collapsed.

For twenty-four hours doctors at St. Pancras Hospital fought for his life. It was spirits of salts he had swallowed. He died at eight o'clock next morning.

At the inquest, the question of how he came to have that bottle was discussed. Police Superintendent Cornish declared that he was "satisfied the pockets and clothing were thoroughly searched." The watching was carried out according to regulations.

But how did Sam. J. Furnace beat the police?

The bottle of poison was not in his pocket. It was down in the lining of his coat, dropped there through a hole in the pocket. There it lay at the bottom of the coat, ready to be brought up through the hole.

If the police had found that bottle first Sam. J. Furnace would have hanged, for the verdict at his inquest was that he had murdered Spatchett. And that failure to find the bottle caused a new order for searchers to be issued. Can you imagine Sam. J. thinking to himself in that cell: "They caught me by a tooth. I will escape by a hole not much bigger than the tooth"?

## I.S. Newcombe's

### Short odd—but True

The first bicycle came on the roads in 1880. It had one high wheel driven by pedals, and a small connecting wheel behind, and was appropriately termed a "penny-farthing." The novice found it difficult to mount, and the easiest way to get off was to fall off.

Esperanto, a proposed universal language compiled by Dr. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, from phonetic principles, was introduced into England more than forty years ago. Esperanto societies are now flourishing in all parts of the world, but other universal language systems are gaining in popularity.

Sardines were once supposed to be a distinct species of fish, but it is now realised they are the young of the pilchard.

## GAOL SENTENCE MADE HIM FAMOUS

By M. TRENT

IT was by sheer chance—and a prison sentence—that O. Henry developed into the great figure so long associated with the short story.

As a young man he had always been keen on writing, and when he accepted a post as clerk in a small bank in Austin, Texas, many said that he was doing the wrong thing.

But Sydney Porter—that was his real name—could not take the risk, for he had a wife and daughter to support. In his spare moments, however, he

wrote humorous short stories, which found a ready market in the local newspapers.

At last his wife persuaded him to become editor of a humorous weekly paper, and he left the bank to begin his new job. He was a success, and fared well until he was summoned to appear in court, charged with embezzling the bank's funds. Indignant, the newspaperman boarded a train and set out for Austin.

Then, although he had never touched a penny of the firm's money—most of the missing cash had disappeared after he had left the organisation—Sydney Porter lost his nerve, changed trains, and made for New Orleans—a fugitive from the law! A few days later he had made the journey to Honduras.

Here he worked as a road-mender, and lived on bananas. Contacting his wife, he sent her money, helped to choose a school for his little daughter, Margaret, and tried to run his

home life as if he were still with them.

Then he received news that his wife was seriously ill with T.B., so, racing home, he surrendered to the police, was allowed bail, and rushed to the bedside of his dying wife.

By the time he faced the jury he was alone, except for little Margaret, and although everything pointed to the fact that he knew little about the missing money, the fact that he had run away caused many people to doubt—and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The first thing they asked him when he arrived at the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus, America, was, "What's your job?" He said, "Journalist," so he quickly added, "But I'm also a qualified pharmacist."

He was appointed night-druggist. His hours were from 6 p.m. until 6 a.m., and one of

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# High "Spaniola" Jinks

## Part IX

### The Sea-green Grocer

OVERHEAD, frigate birds circled stiffly, as though newly escaped from a geological museum; while pot-bellied pelicans sat on every patch of reef with aldermanic majesty. As the haze thinned, the canoes of fishermen could be seen floating motionless, each above its own reflection. A small sailing-boat passed alongside, its crew of two splashing water on to the sail to tighten the fabric and catch a trifle more of the faint breeze. Pybus found himself pleasantly excited.

As the "Herod Antipas" crept slowly up to the wooden jetty, Reginald Pybus saw with misgiving that it was lined with soldiers, most of them with rifles in their hands. They sat motionless along the edge of the wharf, with bare feet overhanging the water, clouds of blue cigarette smoke billowing from beneath their straw sombreros. The grocer had an uneasy feeling that most of the rifles were levelled at him personally, and retreated hastily behind the windlass, where Hairy Butler was enjoying a surreptitious pipe.

"There's a lot of soldiers on the pier pointing guns at us," he quavered uncertainly.

"What's that ye're saying? Soldiers wid guns?" demanded the Irishman sharply. "T'would be just the luck of the 'Antipas' to drop into the midst of a murderous and bloody revolution. Hold on to me pipe a minute till I reconnoitre the brutal and licentious villians." On hands and knees he crawled cautiously round the fore part of the windlass and peered at the jetty. A moment later he was back, with a broad grin struggling through his ragged moustache.

## QUIZ for today

1. An architrave is a small church, drawing instrument, door-frame, tomb, Greek priest, surgical instrument?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Dee, Don, Tees, Spey, Tyne, Dart, Exe, Spree?
3. What is the difference between (a) a reticule, (b) a cuticle?
4. Who was Sir Roger de Coverley?
5. What London theatre is world-famous for its productions of Shakespeare?
6. Who discovered the North Pole, and when?
7. What is the principal town in the Shetland Islands?
8. Who was called "The Prime Minister of Mirth"?
9. To commemorate which action do the Highland regiments wear white spats, and why?
10. Which country is our smallest ally?
11. In basket ball, how many play in each team?
12. In which can you swim faster—fresh water or salt water?

### Answer to Quiz in No. 321

1. Draughts.
2. Varnish is transparent; others are not.
3. Edward I.
4. (a) Sherwood, (b) New.
5. Windmill.
6. Abraham.
7. (a) Argentine, Chile, Colombia, Paraguay, (b) Greece, (c) Sweden.
8. Mary Smith.
9. King's Own Scottish Borderers.
10. No.
11. Croquet.
12. Sirloin.

"Aren't ye the gom, wid yer insurrections and massacres?" he demanded. "Sure 'tis only the garrison catching catfish for their breakfast, wid fishing-lines made fast to the muzzles of their muskets. Gimme back me pipe, Queer Fella, and don't be took in again wid mares' nests and optical ablutions. Y'ought to be ashamed of yrrself wid yer wild tales of corpses and rivers of blood."

"Well, all I can say is they didn't look like it," retorted the grocer peevishly. "I call it daft, fishing with hats like that." He went off huffily with the bo'sun to receive a first lesson in the art of rigging rat-guards, ingenious metal contrivances which ensure that rats shall use the gangway, and not the shorelines, in their journeys to and fro. The sudden discharge of an old-fashioned cannon fifty yards away renewed his distrust of the Espadillanos.

"What's that?" he yelled, spinning round.

"The sunrise gun," said Malachi Crinnion stolidly, pointing to a cloud of gunpowder smoke drifting across the wharf.

"But the sun rose an hour ago."

"That don't signify," replied the bo'sun. "Life is full of uncertainties, Queer Fella, particularly in dago countries. Look, there's the flag going up."

The troops had fallen into line at the sound of the cannon, hurriedly detaching their lines and winding them round the crowns of their hats. One man only was oblivious to the signal, the trumpeter, who was vociferously playing a large fish, and naturally could not sound the salute simultaneously. Deaf to the oaths and entreaties of his Commandante, the recalcitrant musician skirmished excitedly up and down the edge of the jetty, see-sawing on the line and shouting for help.

Pleading and storming proving equally futile, the blazing Commandante whipped out his tasselled sabre and rushed upon the mutineer. The horrified Pybus turned his head aside as the shining weapon came whistling down, irrevocably severing the trumpeter's fishing line where it ran over the edge of the jetty.

The trumpeter wept. He reproached his officer bitterly, spreading his hands far apart to indicate the magnitude of the fish thus wantonly allowed to escape. The Commandante seemed a little ashamed of his outburst, and began to tug sheepishly at the hilt of his sword, which had bitten deep into a baulk of timber. He presented the trumpeter with a cigar, and the latter, mollified, also pulled at the embedded weapon, which came out so

### By Jaspar Power

suddenly that the pair almost overbalanced. Meanwhile, the troops had grown tired of standing in the sun, and had gone off to get something to eat.

Pybus, who had watched these proceedings open-mouthed, now saw with alarm that the whiskered Commandante was bearing down on him, and raised his shapeless cap respectfully.

"Aha, marinero, you 'ave some jams to give?" demanded the warrior in tones of hearty good-fellowship.

"Beg pardon?" said the grocer timidly.

"Inglese jams, big tins. All Inglese ship 'ave jams, strawberry, plumberry, sometime orangeberry. Also socks not broke and very good pigzams."

"Pigzams?" repeated the puzzled Pybus.

"Si, si, pigzams; after end of the pig salt, very good for the panfry. Suppose you give me one pigzam, two tin jams, I give you one bottle aguardiente for nozzings. Changee for changee; black dog for white monkey all the same. You speak me all right?"

"What would ye give for a fine capacious jar of Board of Trade pickles, Generalissimo?" interrupted Hairy Butler, who had been leaning over the side enjoying the grocer's embarrassment. "T'would be most unsanitary eating jam wid them herbaceous whiskers; ye'd have to lash them behind yer head wid a strand of ropeyarn, so ye would."

"Where 'ave you catch that 'at?" retorted the Commandante, rising superbly to the occasion. "Green 'ats upon the green hombres, I think so, yes." And he clasped himself about the middle and dissolved in paroxysms of simulated laughter, loyally seconded by the trumpeter, who had not understood a word of it.

"Ye'd not be so free wid ye convivial mirth if ye knew the man ye're up agen," said the Irishman, with such fierceness that the pair on the quay stared at each other in alarm.

"You are not the primero piloto, no?" ventured the Commandante uneasily.

With awful impressiveness, Hairy Butler descended the gangway and seized upon a large medal in default of a convenient buttonhole, shaking a thick forefinger in the man's ashen face.

"I'm the man that introduced the game of pitch and toss to the town of Bogota," he announced. "Put that in yer pipe and smoke it."

The Commandante sprang stiffly to the salute. "I had not known, señor," he said humbly, and gave the trumpeter a violent nudge, whereat he unslung his instrument and blew a martial peal. This was too much for Pybus, who slunk aboard again,

blushing furiously; but Hairy Butler sat on a bollard, puffing with bland condescension at the cigar the trumpeter had been obliged to discard.

"Does he know any more chunes like that?" he inquired as the last note died away, with a sly wink at Pybus, who was peeping over the rail.

"Señor, that music for the illustrious estrangero only," said the Commandante in a hurt tone. "You know not the customs of Latin America."

"Tis there ye're wrong then, for I thravelled the length and breadth of Brazil, Chile and the Argentine as sailmaker to a German circus, mending and rigging the tents and holystoning the elephant every Sunday evening before we got under way agen. And I dhrove a tram in the city of Manaos for eighteen months one time, and after that I went assistant to a Yankee dentist in Mexico City till one of the patients stuck a knife in him, and he went back to the States." And Hairy Butler launched into a fluent harangue in mingled Spanish and Portuguese, no doubt giving the Commandante further instalments of his odyssey.

"Why, he speaks the language like a native," marvelled Pybus, as the Professor joined him at the rail.

"Well, he's been knocking about the South Americas most of his life," said Hogs-bottle. "He was beach-combing for years on the West Coast after he left the guano-boats. I remember hearing that he disappeared from Iquique one morning, and turned up in Pernambuco fifteen months later, walking across a whole continent without a penny in his pocket."

"He must be a hard old citizen if he does things like that," admitted the grocer, looking at the Irishman with renewed respect. "But I call it silly, setting off to walk as far as that without any money."

"You'll meet men who've done sillier things than that before you've been to sea as long as I have," retorted the Professor drily.

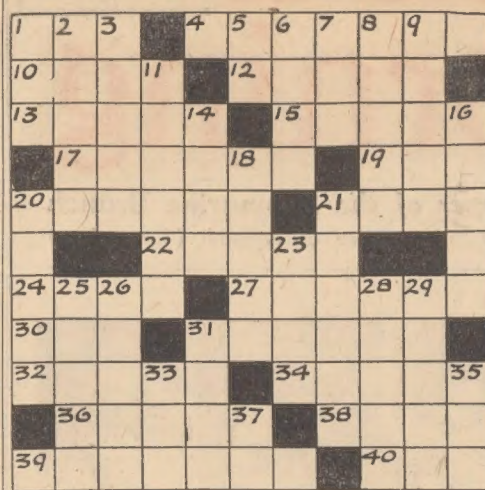
"WAS you for the beach to-night, Queer Fella?" asked Old Dick that evening, as the pair dried their tin plates on the community dish-cloth.

"I don't mind if I do," Pybus replied. "It would be a bit of a change, I expect."

"But you was not going among these dagoes by yourself, without nobody what knows the bat alongside you?" demanded the old sailor in shrill consternation. When they found that you did not savvy the bat, they would cut your throat with a big cuchillo. They would even steal your boots if they knew you did not savvy the bat."

"Then I'll stop aboard," said the grocer, but that ob-

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 4 Plagiarised.
- 10 Turn about.
- 12 Hard fruit.
- 13 Extensive.
- 15 Be.
- 17 Famous novelist.
- 19 Proper.
- 20 Drove like cattle.
- 21 Experience.
- 22 Not ignorant.
- 24 Cream colour.
- 27 Big fruit.
- 30 Mrs. Rabbit.
- 31 Plunge.
- 33 Area.
- 34 Eastern states.
- 36 Runs into one.
- 38 Acid fruit.
- 39 Storm.
- 40 Bird's cry.

DIET CAPER  
HERO IMAGE  
EVOKE LEADS  
MINERAL N I  
PAST BEMOAN  
T CRUDE N  
MESHES TAGS  
A O DEBACLE  
OWNED ALTER  
REGRESS ORE  
IBSEN EARS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sphere.
- 2 Strength.
- 3 Knock down.
- 5 Artist.
- 6 Sugar-coated.
- 7 Spar.
- 8 Newly-wed.
- 9 Result.
- 11 Carriage.
- 14 Attracted.
- 16 Relates.
- 18 Saying.
- 20 Attends to.
- 21 Medieval system.
- 23 Wander.
- 25 Wood.
- 26 Kingdom.
- 28 Souvenir.
- 29 Stage show.
- 31 In this place.
- 33 Trophy.
- 35 Tree.
- 37 Steamer.

vious solution did not appeal to the Welshman either. It seemed that if a man did not stretch his legs in the tropics he immediately became a victim of dhoby-itch, jiggers, and Channel fever. It would be nothing short of suicide for Pybus to remain on the "Antipas" that night.

"Then what can I do?" demanded the unfortunate grocer.

"Why, come ashore with me, Queer Fella," said Old Dick warmly. "I speak Spaniola like a Greek boarding-house master. You'll be all right if you keep in tow with me. Hurry up and bend on your go-ashore clothes, Queer Fella." And the old man dragged his seabag from beneath his bunk and rummaged eagerly in its depths.

"A man should always look his best when he's for the beach," said Old Dick a few minutes later, complacently surveying himself in a small, cracked mirror. Delicately he flicked at the fluffy tufts of oakum which clung obstinately to his ancient suit, deplorably creased and wrinkled after weeks of pressure in the bag. His felt hat had also been folded flat, and displayed a distressing tendency to close up on the top of his head, so that he suggested a weather-beaten Napoleonic general after the rigors of the Moscow retreat.

In his early years Old Dick had never known the luxury of stockings, and could not bear the feel of them on his feet, but Pybus noted with amusement that he tucked the tops of a pair of socks into his boots, as a sort of *plastron aux pieds*. The completion of his toilet was somewhat delayed by the discovery of a lump of beeswax adhering to his only collar, which pleased the old man greatly.

"When I could not find it, I thought that Hary Butler had stolen it away," he said, adding casually, "Wasn't there some money in them clothes you come aboard in, Queer Fella?"

"Yes," said Pybus. "About one-and-sixpence, I think."

"I thought it was two shillings and fivepence," said Old Dick suspiciously. "Bring it along, anyway, it might be useful. What is wrong with that damn China Hughes that he won't give an advance here, with a quiet crowd like he has for'ard this trip? He's that goddam mean he wouldn't give you the steam off his soup to warm your hands on. All the other ships give advances down this coast. I knew he was no good as quick as I heard his mother hailed from Tony-pandy."

"Different ships, different long splices," quoted the grocer sagely, and the pair made their way down the gangway to sample the nocturnal delights of Puerto Espanillo.

"Them's fireflies," said Old Dick, as they ploughed heavily through the sand towards the town. "The judies here catches them and sews them on their clothes. Don't walk under them coconut trees, Queer Fella, for them 'nuts is always falling; and nobody to sing out 'stand from under' neither. When they're green they're that heavy they'd flake you out stiff. Do you hear them crickets? The Japanese catches them like the judies with the fireflies, and puts them in little cages. You don't hear no bullfrogs here, though; Westwego on the Mississippi is the place to hear bullfrogs."

Pybus wondered vaguely why the old man should think it necessary to clutch him by the sleeve while imparting this valuable information. He felt like a small boy being escorted to the dentist by a nursemaid, and, as an excuse to jerk himself free, pointed to a white building thatched with palm leaves, along the front of which ran the legend, "El Diluvio."

"What's the meaning of that there?" he asked.

"It's dago for licensed premises," replied Old Dick without hesitation, again grabbing him by the sleeve. "Come in, and I'll teach you to hablar Spaniola."

It was difficult at first to see anything in the dim interior, half general store and half drinking shop. Clusters of rocket and long ropes of tobacco hung in the gloom overhead, and the air was heavy with stale smoke of native cigarettes and the sickly fumes of aguardiente. Two or three figures lounged motionless in the shadows, gazing gloomily into their empty glasses. A rough counter ran the length of the room, at the darkest end of which the proprietor sat on a cask, wearing an immense sombrero and smoking noisily at a long black cigar. Old Dick made his way over to this impressive figure and rapped importantly on the counter.

(To be continued)

## JANE





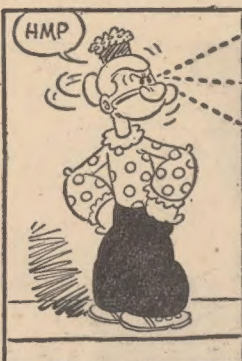
## BEELZEBUB JONES



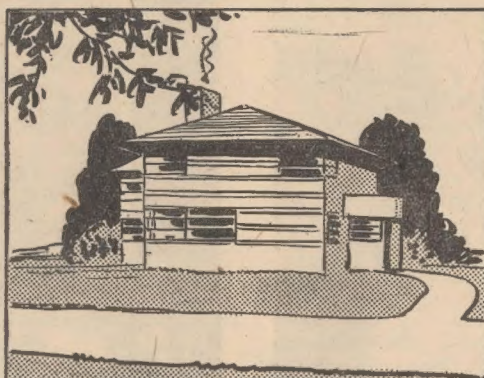
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# I get around-

## RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

BIG battle raging in London is 'twixt the war-house and William Shakespeare.

Donald Wolfit, producer of Shakespeare at the Scala Theatre, has been told to quit on account of the Army bosses wanting the building for the exclusive use of soldiery.

Mr. Wolfit kept the flag of Shakespeare flying during the big raids, and is prepared to do it during any raid that comes along.

Seeing that the Drama is now officially, and monetarily, recognised through C.E.M.A., is it too much to hope that something may be done to leave Mr. Wolfit undisturbed? Even if the War Office considers our national dramatist of no account, perhaps some other department of Whitehall will feel inclined to put in a word for Billy boy!

REVOLUTIONISING post-war building schemes, two Birmingham men have evolved and patented a new type of clay building unit—in other words, another type of brick.

It is called the W.B. hollow block, and the men responsible are W. J. Worthington and F. W. Bodger, of Utility Bricks, Ltd.

Recently, in a demonstration, a bricklayer laid the equivalent of 320 bricks, by using the new invention, in the time it would normally take to lay 60 ordinary bricks. At the same time, two-thirds of the mortar material was saved.

The new type is much larger than the ordinary brick, but its obvious advantages lie in the ease of handling—although it is 35lb. in weight—and in the fact that it incorporates insulating properties for sound, control of temperature and moisture.

"NEWS of the World" darts captain was discovered in the saloon bar of Worthing's Thomas a'Becket Hotel the other evening. He was asked to show off, and he did by asking a local to stand against the board with a cigarette between his lips, and with his second dart pinned the cigarette to the board. He then got team-mate Harry Head to stand against the board, and his third dart went through Head's hair into the bull.

The board was covered with a newspaper, and when the Mayor mentioned a number, Pike scored it with his third attempt, after getting two darts just outside the wire.

Somebody then asked him to get a double one while the board was still covered, and he did this at the first attempt.

And all this in Worthing West, too!

A BOOK I can recommend is "Inside Story," by the "Daily Telegraph's" Alan Dick.

This Fleet Street reporter tells how you get your news. Bright writing, pungent wit. Everything from murder to civil war. From the Great Strike to the London Blitz—and from a new angle. If you want to know how your news comes to you, Dick can tell you.

Allen and Unwin are the publishers.

THE following was the introductory paragraph to a story concerning detention camps in a weekly newspaper: "Navy detention camp routine at Portsmouth, Canterbury and Preston is more rigorous than in other quarters, it was disclosed in the House of Commons. The Navy prefer it that way." Depends who is meant by "the Navy," I suppose.

COMPANY director at 24 is the achievement of Felicia Lorraine-Hill. She directs—in the fullest sense of the word—a South London factory.

An expert in radio construction, she knows enough to take over from anybody in the firm, from the owner to the highest qualified instrument maker.

She frequently does—and they like it. Felicia is a spry little thing, scarcely five feet tall, with intelligent grey eyes. She is a success with the workpeople because they don't mind taking orders from her.

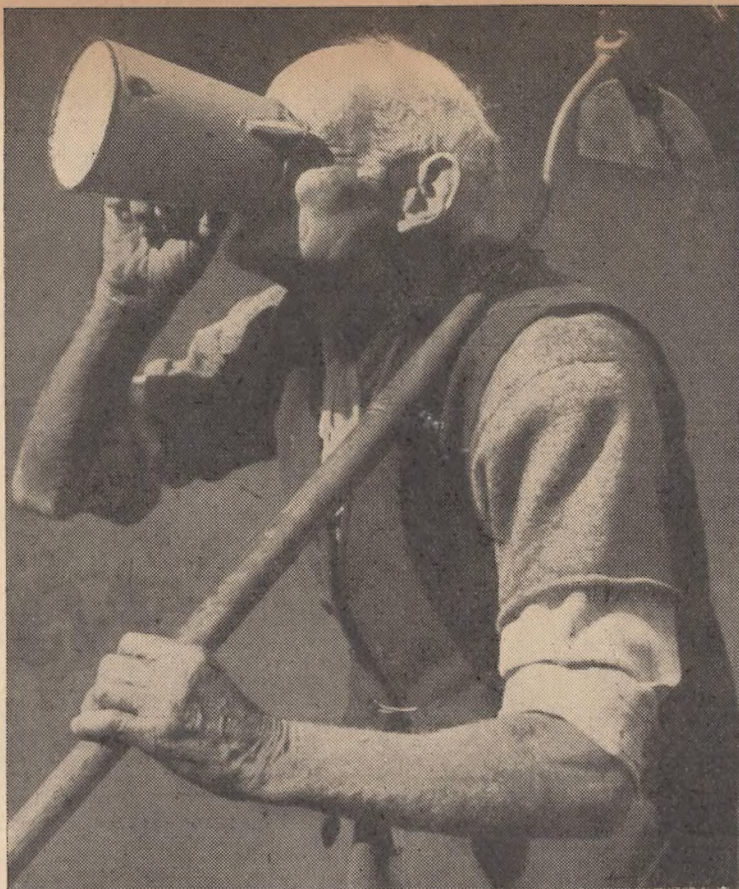
Felicia is a member of the Women's Engineering Society. She will soon begin studying for the examination of the Institute of Production Engineers, but she has plenty of time for it. She will not be eligible till she is 28!

Ron Richards



**Good Morning**

That saucy 'kid sister' look, as portrayed by Warner Bros. Star-let Joan Leslie



HONEST THIRST, HEALTHILY QUENCHED



"HECK! WHY AM I CYCLING PAST?"

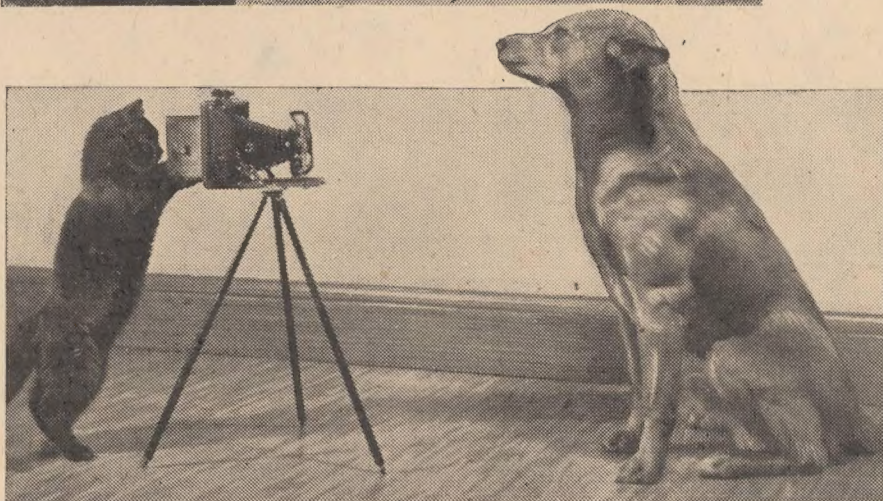


### ***This England***

The old-fashioned village street of Hollingbourne, Kent



"I may not care two straws for your opinion, old man, but I sure envy you not having finished your ice drink as fast as I did mine."



"Make it as nice as you can. I'm joining the Police Dog Department, and I do want to leave her a good picture, you know."

### **OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Will ye no come back again?"

